purſue the offender, how doſt my Lord?

Gloſt. Madam my old heart is crackt, is crackt.

Reg. What, did my fathers godſon ſeeke your life? he whom my father named your *Edgar*?

Gloſt. I Ladie, Ladie; ſhame would haue it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the ryotous knights, that tends vpon my father?

Gloſt. I know not Madam, tis too bad, too bad.

Baſt. Yes Madam, he was.

Reg. No maruaile then though he were ill affected,
Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,
To haue the waſt and ſpoyle of his reuenues:
I haue this preſent euening from my ſiſter,
Beene well inform'd of them, and with ſuch cautions,
That if they come to ſoiourne at my houſe, ile not be there.

Duke. Nor I, aſſure thee *Regan*; *Edmund*, I heard that you haue ſhewen your father a child-like office.

Baſt. Twas my dutie Sir.

Gloſt. He did betray his practiſe, and receiued
This hurt you ſee, ſtriuing to apprehend him.

Duke. Is he purſued? *Gloſt.* I my good Lord.

Duke. If he be taken, he ſhall neuer more be feard of doing harme; make your own purpoſe how in my ſtrength you pleaſe; for you *Edmund*, whoſe vertue and obedience, doth this inſtant ſo much commend it ſelfe, you ſhall bee ours; natures of ſuch deepe truſt, wee ſhall much need you, we firſt ſeaze on.

Baſt. I ſhall ſerue you truly, how euer elſe.

Gloſt. For him I thanke your grace.

Duke. You know not why we came to viſit you?

Regan. Thus out of ſeaſon, threatning darke ey'd night,
Ocaſions noble *Gloſter* of ſome poyſe,
Wherein we muſt haue vſe of your aduiſe;
Our Father he hath writ, ſo hath our ſiſter,
Of diferences, which I beſt thought it fit
To anſwer from our home; the ſeueral meſſengers
From hence attend diſpatch; our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your boſome, & beſtow your needfull councell
To our buſines, which craues the inſtant vſe. (*Exeunt. Gloſt.*

Gloſt. I ſerue you Madam, your Gr
Enter Kent, and Stewa

Steward. Good euen to thee friend
Kent. I. *Stew.* Where may we
Kent. It'h mire. *Stew.* Prethe
Kent. I loue thee not. *Stew.* W
Kent. If I had thee in Lipſburie pi
care for mee.

Stew. Why doſt thou vſe me thus
Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Stew, What doſt thou know me fo
Kent. A knaue, a raſcall, an eater
proud, ſhallow, beggerly, three ſhew
worſted-ſtocken knaue, a lilly lyuer
whorſon glaſſegazing ſuperfinicall
ting ſlaue, one that would'ſt bee a ba
and art nothing but the compoſition
ard, pander, and the ſonne and heire
I will beat into clamorous whyning,
ble of the addition.

Stew. What a monſtrous fellow a
that's neither knowne of thee, nor kn
Kent. What a brazen fac't varl
knoweſt mee; is it two dayes agoe ſi
thy heeles before the King? draw
night, the Moone ſhines, ile make a ſo
draw you whorſon-cullyonly-barbe
Stew. Away, I haue nothing to d
Kent. Draw you raſcall, you bri
and take Vanitie the puppets part,
father; draw you rogue, or ile ſo carb
you raſcall, come your wayes.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe
Kent. Strike you ſlaue, ſtand ro
ſtrike. *Stew.* Helpe, ho, m
Enter Edmund with his rapier d
and Dutch
Baſt. How now, whats the matt

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